

# HEGELMAN.

Going Well in the Lead at the  
Big Race.

Cartwright, the Englishman,  
Falling Back.

Alberts and Guerrero Struggling  
Hard Together.

Wint and Dempsey Come to  
Blows on the Track.

Animated Scenes in and About Madison  
Square Garden at the Beginning of the  
Six-Day Contest—Old Sport Campana  
First on the Track—The Men Started in  
Files of Six, Guerrero Leading in a  
Trot—Hoagland Keeps Up a Heel-and-  
Toe Walk—Marie Jeanne Stands on a  
Table to Watch the Race—Spectators Strike  
for Breakfast Passes and Get Them—The  
Men and Their Trainers—Breakfasting  
on the Track—Domestic Tilly Chasing the  
Leaders—The Contestants and the Scores.

THE SCORE AT 1 P. M.  
The following was the score at 1 o'clock  
P. M.:  
Miles, Laps, Miles, Laps.  
Hegelmann ..... 81 ..... 71 6  
Guerrero ..... 80 ..... 72 1  
Cartwright ..... 79 ..... 72 1  
Alberts ..... 78 ..... 72 1  
Hart ..... 75 ..... 73 1  
"Manhattan" ..... 74 ..... 73 1  
Sinclair ..... 73 ..... 73 1  
Conners ..... 72 ..... 73 1  
Hughes ..... 71 ..... 73 1

No, there were not 20,000 people in Madison Square Garden last night when the start was called in the six-day gas-consumption race. But that was because at 11:40 o'clock the big building was packed as full as a sausage case, and Manager O'Brien, of the great event of the kind ever to occur in the old structure, ordered the doors closed. No one was admitted after that, and fully 2,000 people, curious of the 12,000 or 15,000 who had gained admission, wore red caps and threatened to boycott the show forever more.

Every seat in the house was placed "Reserved," but at 11:50 they were all occupied at 25 and 50 cents each, and the 25-cent squares of standing room behind the seats were taken, too. A murmuring mass of people passed over the bridge at the Madison Square entrance to the ground inside the oblong track, and soon it was impossible to make any progress through the crowd here. The stationary crowds immediately became the prey of a host of scholars who lurked in the aisles and dimes from the pockets of the nearest members of the "stalled" throng.



THE START.

There were knife boards, baseball targets, cane racks, places to buy railroad sandwiches and awdard pie, soda-water fountains, peanut and popcorn stands, candy stands, fruit stands and a bar where 100 bartenders dealt out woe-becr with a flavor like lager, and compounded prescriptions to deceive old toppers into the belief that they were drinking bourbon or rye.

"Drop a nickel in the slot" caught the people curious of their own weight, their lifting powers and the strength of their lungs, and those who were partial to tut-tut-tut chewing gum, a dime paid for a glass of ice surrounded by sarsaparilla, or a very good "two-for" cigar. Floral anchors and horseshoes and stars and wreaths bearing talismans thought true sentiments worked in the flowers were offered at booths to enthusiasts who would dedicate their favorites in the great race on the sawdust ring. In short, it was a Coney Island campaign.

About 1,000 of the jostling people found relief in the picketed inclosure reserved for the forty reporters of newspapers, much to the chagrin of the newspaper men who were there for work. At 12:05 the hands on a big-faced clock located at the starting mark were set back fifteen minutes, and Referee Peter J. Donohue gave the word to a many-colored motley throng of pedestrians to "Go."

"Old Sport" Campana was the first to appear on the track. He was dressed in the latest bridgeport style. A blue and white bandana was draped over his head, and a blue and white striped shirt followed after his gray and rather mangy neck. Blue polka-dot trunks came out and dirty gray drawers and old shoes completed the outfit, barring the hair on his lean old shanks and red ribbon bands and elaborate works of the tattoo artist on his weakened arms. Of course Old Sport got an ovation. He acknowledged it by gracefully kicking up the heels that have done him service for fifty-six years.

Peter Golden, who has been set down as a promising day horse, W. A. Hoagland, the student "comer" from Cayuga Lake, in tight of the clock known as a lake of roses, and faded red trunks; "Lepper" Hughes in the famous big champion "stay there" to-night.

Jockey cap and white tights; Bobby Vint, in a flannel shirt broadly striped with red and gray, crimson velvet shorts, an earnest little chap; Gus Guerrero, the "Graser," in red velvet trunks, drab tights, and a smile; Conners, a bold-faced boy, in white tights and red trunks; Panchot, the "Buffalo postman," in blue small clothes bordered with white braid, red tights and a white shirt; Hoagland in a red shirt, magenta trunks, black tights, a white head and a jockey cap quartered in yellow and black; Anton Strokel in red trunks, last week's tights and a woe-begone expression; Frank Hart, the happy colored boy, in a blue shirt, red trunks, gray tights and an old checked cap, and the rest of the huddle of ambitious owners of good legs followed Old Sport into the ring at 11:55.

The starting place was on the north side of the Garden, between the reporters' corral and the row of black dials of the scorers. The men were started in files of six, each file setting out on the journey from a point opposite the dials on which their score was to be recorded.



HEGELMAN DOGGING ALBERTS.

Gus Guerrero shot to the head. He led the way in that easy, deceptive trot which is so well known, and which he can continue until utterly exhausted. His admirers and detractors think, but which he invariably drops after the audience has dwindled to the few people who have the "craze," but no plaudits.

Dan Herty, who is not so graceful, but has Guerrero's determination tenfold, followed close at the Graser's heels, and Cartwright, the little English "building" champion, took third place, ahead of all the rabble behind him.

The excitement in the big crowd of spectators was intense. Superintendent of Garden Police Charles H. Ivins, in a big red satin frock coat and a face full of more concern than serenity, marshalled his fifty special officers and exerted all his powers to keep order in the enthusiastic audience.



THE SCORE AT 1 P. M.

At 1 o'clock the end of the first hour, the score stood like this:

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So completely demoralized were the management that the names of several of the contestants had not been learned at the close of the first hour. When Chief Scorer Ed Plummer called the score of the first two of the pedestrians there was a deafening cheer and the men were encouraged to greater effort.

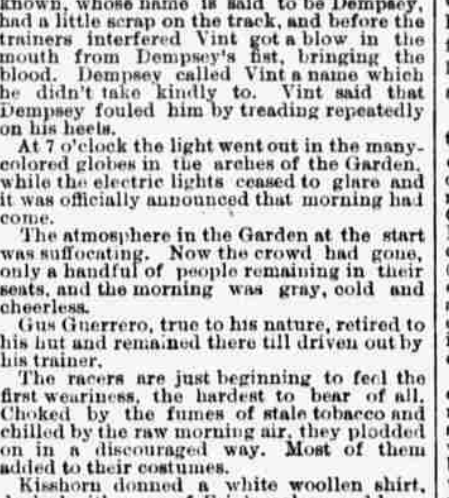
"Manhattan," 14.2; Sinclair, 14; Callahan, 14; Day, 14.  
At this hour the big crowd still remained intact. Alderman Patrick Divver still looked on with the gravity becoming a father of so lively an infant in this city. Under Sheriff Sexton thought that Hoagland ought to be able to play billiards without a "bridge," and Col. Oehlertree and Larry Jerome looked bored and bored. Jim Murtre, Jack Dempsey, Billy Edwards, Mike Gillespie, Jere Dunn and Tom McCoy divided the attentions of the spectators in their quarters with the police, and the rest of the huddle of ambitious owners of good legs followed Old Sport into the ring at 11:55.

Some of the costumes are remarkable, to say the least. "McKoy's Best" in the race is Keeshon, No. 34. His shirt of white bears several sprigs of shamrock, and a bright green sash around his waist. He is carrying on a reporter's desk in a futile effort to see the walkers.

At 3 o'clock Scorer Plummer announced the chief scores to be: Guerrero, 23 miles 6 laps; Hegelmann, 23.4; Cartwright, 23.1; Alberts, 23.2; Conners, 22.5; Herty, 22.5; Golden, 22; Strokel, 21.4; Hart, 21.3; "Manhattan," 20.7; Day, 20.5.

Some of the costumes are remarkable, to say the least. "McKoy's Best" in the race is Keeshon, No. 34. His shirt of white bears several sprigs of shamrock, and a bright green sash around his waist. He is carrying on a reporter's desk in a futile effort to see the walkers.

At 6 o'clock the end of the first hour, the score stood like this:



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At 2 o'clock this morning the score for the principal ones was as follows: Guerrero, 16 miles 5 laps; Cartwright, 16.4; Alberts, 16.4; Hegelmann, 16.4; Golden, 16; Herty, 15.4; Hart, 15.2; Strokel, 15.2; Conners, 15.4.

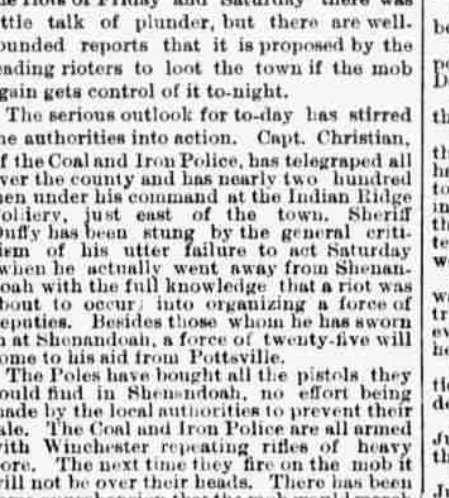
man, quit the race at 9:45 A. M. "I could do 500 miles," he said, "but I can't reach the 500 limit, for I'm not in condition."  
Hegelmann kept his lead easily during the next hour.

At 10 o'clock the scores of the leaders stood: Hegelmann, 66.7; Cartwright, 66.4; Guerrero, 63; Alberts, 62; Hart, 59.7; Manhattan, 59.4; Golden, 58.9; Herty, 58.9; Strokel, 58.2; Panchot, 56.7; Day, 57; Conners, 55; Vint, 53.3; Sinclair, 52.5; Curran, 51.2; Dufrane, 51; Hughes, 46; Tilly, 44.6.

Hegelmann then increased his lead over his nearest competitor, Cartwright, and at 10:30 o'clock was just three miles ahead of him. Alberts also crept up, and in the half hour after the 10 o'clock score gained nearly a mile on Cartwright. Guerrero subsided from his easy run into a walk, but still kept third place.

Hegelmann is seven miles behind Rowell's record made in 1892.

The scores of the twelve leaders at 11 A. M. were: Hegelmann, 73.6; Cartwright, 70.3; Guerrero, 68.4; Alberts, 68; Hart, 66; Manhattan, 64.6; Herty, 63.4; Panchot, 63.6; Strokel, 62.4; Day, 63.2; Golden, 61.7; Vint, 55.2.



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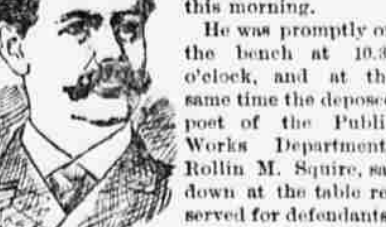
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## SQUIRE'S TRIAL OFF AGAIN.

THE PUBLIC WORKS CONSPIRACY CASE  
ADJOURNED FOR TWO WEEKS.

It Had Been Set Down Peremptorily for To-day, But Was Postponed Because Maurice B. Flynn Wants a Separate Trial—Col. Fellows Opposes the Application—A Demurrer to the Indictment.

One of the most punctual of the judges on the New York Supreme Court Bench is Abraham L. Lawrence, who opened the Court of Oyer and Terminer this morning.



ROBERT M. SQUIRE, COUNSEL.

He was promptly on the bench at 10:30 o'clock, and at the same time the deposed Post of the Public Works Department, Rollin M. Squire, sat down at the table reserved for defendants.

With him were his counsel, William F. Howe, big and bedlammed, and little Abe H. Hummel, trying to reach the shoulders of his partner with the aid of Louis W. heels. Well-showered and tanned by time or some other depilatory agent, the defendant appeared like a first-nighter at a comic opera presentation.

The offense charged is conspiracy by entering into an illegal agreement by which, in consideration of the control of appointments and dismissals in the Department of Public Works, Maurice B. Flynn was to use his influence to secure the appointment of Squire to the head of that department.

It is expected to prove this by a letter written by Squire, Dec. 26, 1884, directed to Flynn and bearing the signature of Squire to the head of that department.

Ex-Judge Noah Davis, of counsel for Flynn, was on hand to look after the interests of his client.

Assistant District Attorney Benjamin F. Dos Passos was late in coming into court, but when he arrived he stated that the people were ready to go on. Col. Fellows was even later. It was after 11 o'clock when he appeared.

When he did come he moved the case against Squire and Flynn, whereupon ex-Judge Davis moved the separate trial of his client.

Col. Fellows opposed the motion. He said that the people's case would be seriously prejudiced if the cases were severed. Much evidence would be lost by the separation, and the defendants would be unfairly treated.

Mr. Howe said that Squire was willing to be tried jointly with Flynn or alone.

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## SITUATIONS!

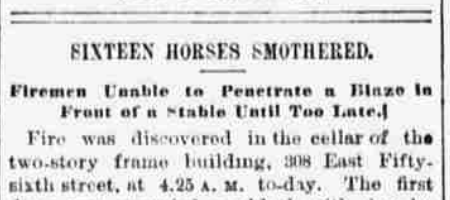
DURING THE YEAR 1887 THE WORLD PRINTED  
234,854  
ADVERTISEMENTS  
OF "SITUATIONS" AND "HELP WANTED."

PRICE ONE CENT.

3 O'CLOCK  
Edition.  
JUDGE MARTINE AT WORK.

BEGINNING TO DISCHARGE HIS DUTIES IN  
THE GENERAL SESSIONS.

His First Case a Charge Against Some  
Colored Gentlemen of Selling Liquor  
Without a License—His First Words in  
the Interest of Order—Welcomed on the  
Bench with Flowers and a New Veil.



JUDGE RANDOLPH B. DAVENPORT.

The red pinks were so arranged as to form the word "Welcome," the white ones forming the background.

Everything was new on the desk of the recently elected Judge, from the ivory gavel, presented by Edwin Hall, Clerk of Part I, of the General Sessions, to the small but useful calendar, the giver of which remains unknown.

The court-room was well filled by 10:50 and everything was in readiness for the man who had given up the adulation of the District-Attorney to enter upon the not easy duties connected with a judgeship.

At 11:05 the cry, "Hats off," signalled the approach of the Judge, and seated him on the bench.

"Hear ye, hear ye," announced his entrance.

Judge Martine entered the room slowly with the dignity becoming his office. He wore a blue, cutaway coat, with light trousers, a low collar and a pink dot tie. A large and brilliant diamond flashed its rays from its position on the third finger of his Honor's hand.

From a party of sixty jurors Judge Martine excused twenty-nine, and when those twenty-nine had remained their liberty he struck his gavel sharply on the desk twice and said his first words in open court as Judge. They were:

"Officer, make some of those people sit down."

Then the first case was called. Mr. Seward, colored, was charged with selling liquor in a club-room on Twenty-sixth street without a license.

Layman Seward asked that the case be dismissed on the grounds of the respectability of the defendant and the smallness of the offense, when it was considered that liquor was sold in the club-room and that the defendant was a colored man.

"Who are the defendants?" inquired his Honor.

"Mr. Seward and several other gentlemen, your Honor; very respectable men, I assure you."

"Where are they?" asked the Judge, and in obedience to the summons Mr. Seward, got up for the occasion in his Sunday clothes, and said that he would call on Judge Martine granted a hearing after recess.

His Death Still a Mystery.

No One Yet Knows Whether or Not Michael Mallon Was Attacked.

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